Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,*
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine: for it runs againſt *Hector*.
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. *This Hector farre ſurmounted Hanniball.*
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meaneſt thou?
Clow. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou ſhalt die.
Clow. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.
Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile doe it by the ſword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.
Clo. Ile doe it in my ſhirt.
Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.
Pag. Maſter, let me take you a butten hoole lower: Do you not ſee *Pompey* is vncaſing for the combat: what meane you? you will loſe your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.
Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt. I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile beſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that he weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Mounſier Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.
Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauy in my tongue. The King your father.
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier. *Exunt Worthies.*
Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?